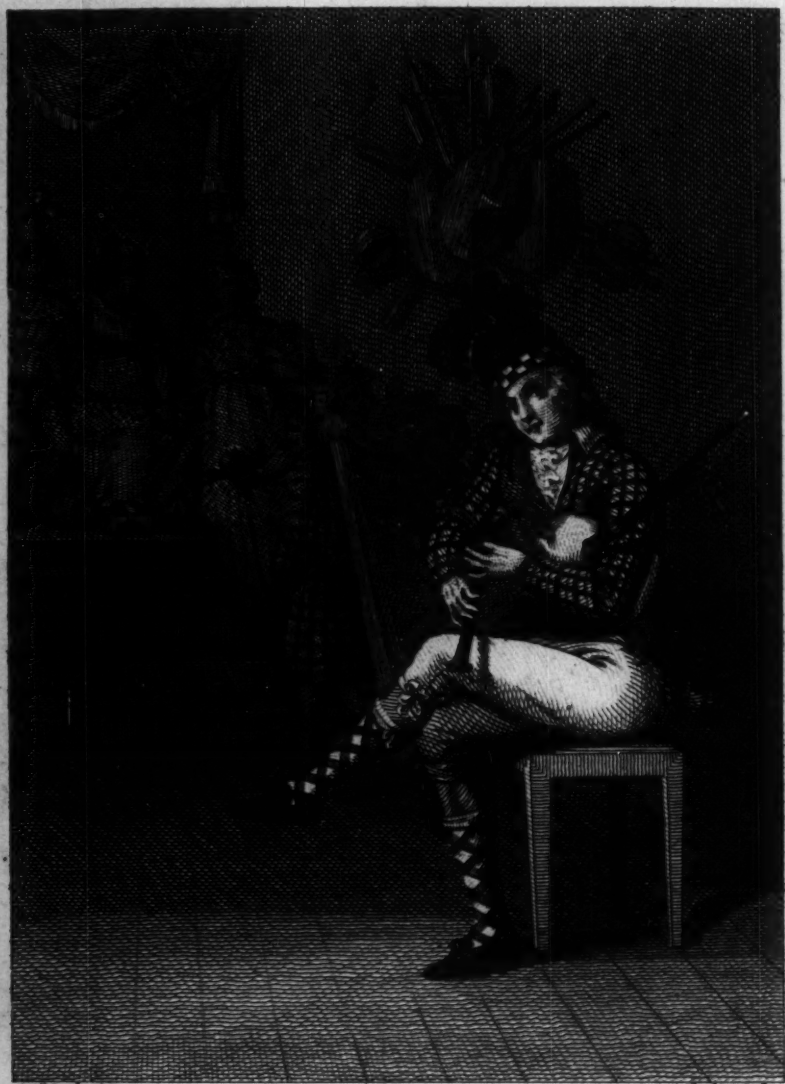


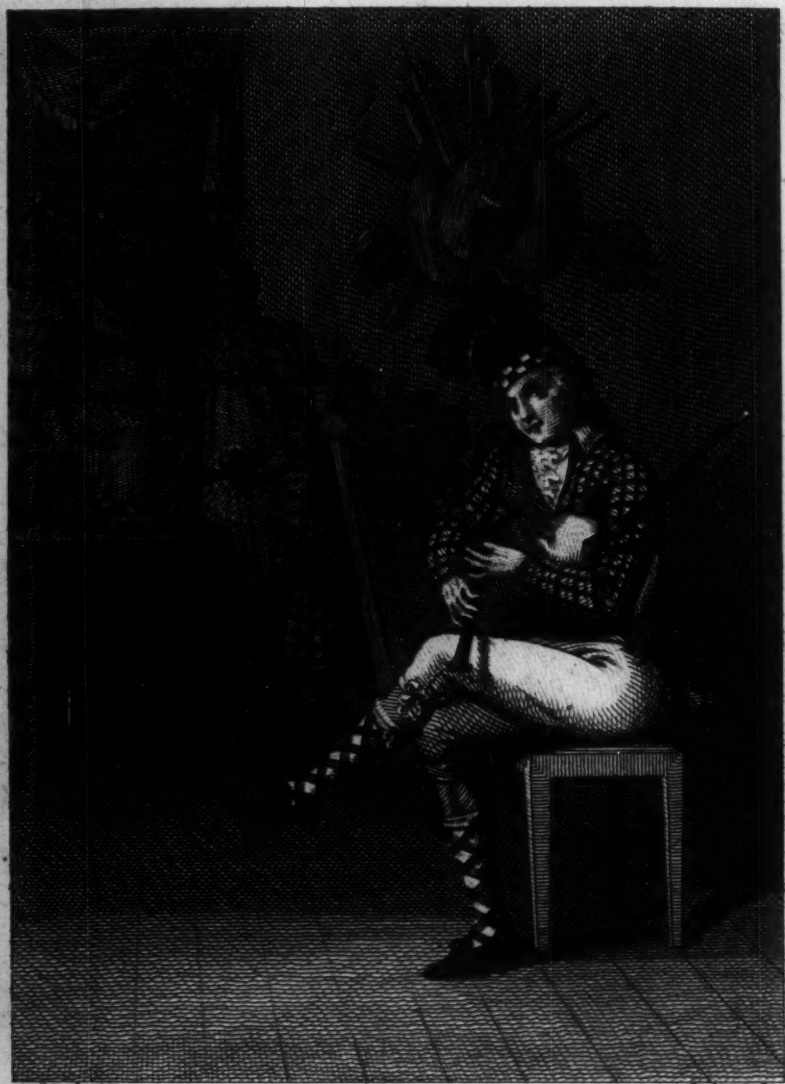
OSCAR AND MALVINA,



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In the Favourite Pantomime of Oscar & Malvina.*

Published as the Act directs. by J. Roach, Russell court, Drury Lane, Dec^r. 16. 1792.

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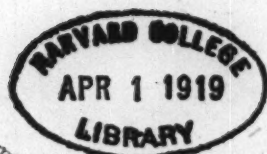
The
WHIM OF THE DAY,
(for 1793.)
Containing
AN ENTERTAINING SELECTION
— of the —
Choicest and most Approved
SONGS,
now singing
at the Theatre's Royal, the Anacreontic
Society, the Beef-Steak Club,
And other Convivial and Polite Assemblies.



The Reel of Tullochgorum. See page. 22.

L O N D O N .
Printed by & for J. Roach, Russell Court, Drury Lane 1793.
Price One Shilling.

25252.60



Denny fund

A
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OF THE

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THE
WHIM OF THE DAY,
(FOR 1793.)

FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.

IN

THE PRISONER.

As performing at the King's Theatre, Haymarket.

NINA.

HOW charming's a camp, where soldiers late and early,
With hair so tightly trimm'd up, and powder'd so
fine,
March, shoulder, present; while the serjeant so furly,
Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line,
To a dub-a-dub—while so merry
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions sure are
bolder,

Yet the damsels don't fear 'em; nay, one, as I live,

Came

E

Came and ask'd me to give her my heart: but I told her,
Says I, That's bespoke, and I've nothing else to give,
But dub-a-dub—ever merry
Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

NARCISSO.

TEARS that exhale from the springs of good nature,
Fall like the dew upon sympathy's breast;
Wishes reviving, bloom with fresh beauty,
And in gay colours are gaudily dress'd.

Yet, when I think on the danger that threatens,
Fear blights my bosom with doubt and dismay,
Fond expectation, all cheerless and languid,
Droops, drops its blossom, and withers away!

CLARA.

COME from horror's dreary cell,
Where jealousy delights to dwell—
Come, fell revenge, that never sleeps;
Revenge her fang in mortal poison sleeps;
And madly laughs and weeps,
And smiles at rival's pangs, and acts the deeds of hell.
Come, thou that art above controul,
Rouse my vast purpose—fill my madden'd soul!

BERNARDO.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast wou'd gently heave,
And prov'd her lip beguil'd a heart
Ill practis'd to deceive.

As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,
To greet the shores they leave behind.

PASQUAL.

WHERE the banners of glory are streaming,
Her image still lingers above;
And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
Which glow'd but with transports of love.

Deeds of arms my soul inspire,
As the batt'ling thunders roll,
She and fame my bosom fire,
And to conquest light my soul:
And mid slaughter madly wounding,
Heroes dying, groans resounding,
Armour clashing,
Lightning flashing,
Angel pinion'd o'er her lover,
With protecting wing she'll hover;
Valour's genius—memory's pleasure,
Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What can check the soldier's course,
Who, where war delights to rove,
Strike with more than mortal force,
Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love?

MARCOS.

DESPAIR around my head
It's horror flings,
My wish to live
No longer clings,
All hope is fled,

Sound

And in its stead,
Misery flaps it's raven wings.

Sound alarms!
Sound alarms!
Amid the shades of night,
Let war fires flash a blaze of light,
While victory strides before you;
Since for life and for freedom we fight,
Let the soul beat to arms,
And the word be — 'Death or glory!'

CLARA.

(Original Scotch.)

POOOR Carlos sued a beauteous maid,
On her his happiness staking;
She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd
' Ah me! my heart is breaking.'

She took a swain of large domains,
His humble love forsaking,
He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
Although his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
She found with anguish aching;
He sunk, and gave her such a look,
Just as his heart was breaking.

MARCOS.

GODDESS of liberty, my soul inspire,
Light up the glowing flame

At virtue's sacred fire ;
 Genius of domestic joy—cherub of fame,
 Love the while,
 With many a dimpled smile,
 My eager hope shall raise,
 And with his busy torch augment the blaze,
 Proclaiming thro' valley, o'er hill, and thro' grove,
 The grave of war is the cradle of love.

Favourite AIRS in the OPERA of the PIRATES.

AIR.—AURORA.

LOVE, like the opening flower,
 That courts the morning dew,
 Gave promise every hour
 To bring new charms to view.

But see the fatal storm
 Of tyrant power arise !
 Blighted its beauteous form,
 The hapless flow'ret dies.

AIR.—GUILLERMO.

THERE, the moon-silver'd waters roam,
 And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
 Spangling with their starry foam,
 The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There, the screaming sea bird flits,
 Dips in the wave his dusky form ;
 Or on the rocking turret sits,
 Th' exulting Dæmon of the storm.

There

There, as village legends tell,
 Many a shipwreck'd sea-man's ghost
 Listens to the distant knell,
 When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

AIR.—ALTADOR.

SCARCELY had the blushing morning
 Woo'd the waves with tender light,
 When the bright'ning plain adorning,
 A distant vessel rode in sight.

Aloft, the crowding sailors viewing
 Her misty sails with straining eye;
 In fancy now the foe subduing,
 A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatswain's whistle, loud and shrill,
 Shames the tardy sleeping wind.
 In vain our chase-gun fires—for still
 She crowds her sail—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords assistance:
 Right afore the wind's our course.
 We clear our decks—she threatens resistance,
 And proudly boasts superior force.

Amid her thunder boldly steering,
 Our batter'd ship almost a wreck;
 With steady courage persevering;
 They board, they storm her gory deck.

Her wounded captain—life disdaining,
 Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew;
 Casts a last look on those remaining;
 Then strikes to save the valiant few.

THE

THE CARSE OF GOWRIE.

Sung by Miss MILNE.

WORDS BY MR. VINT.

NA shepherd on the daified plain,
 Like Johnny e'er can please me;
 For how could they my favour gain,
 Whose offers did but tease me?
 The shepherd dearly doats on me,
 Full well I can discover;
 And praise the place with tuneful glee,
 That gave me sic a lover.

Of a' the vallies, north of Tweed,
 That are sa green and flow'ry,
 There's nane of them can e'er exceed
 The bonny Carse of Gowrie.

Ye lasses all, sa blythe and bra',
 As round the vale you're roving,
 Can ye e'er see a lad so gay,
 A lad sa well worth loving?
 Ah me! I'm sure you'll answer no,
 For nane you'll meet like Johnny;
 Na lad to be compar'd, I trow,
 He is sa blythe and bonny.

Of a' the vallies, &c.

Young Johnny is sa kind a swain,
 I ever must adore him;
 Na shepherd on the sylvan plain,
 Can ever come before him:

Reclining on yon downy brae,
 He pipes sa sweet and charming,
 I'm quite enchanted a' the day,
 While love my heart is warming.

Of a' the vallies, &c.

I SIT O' MY SUNKY.

A Favourite Scots Song.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF ABERDEEN.

I SIT o' my funky and spin at my wheel,
 And think o' my Jamie that loo's me fae weel,
 He took a white faxpence an' brak' in twa,
 An' ga' me the ha'f o't whan he gaed awa'.

Sayin' think nae lang lassie, tho' I be awa',
 O' think nae lang lassie, tho' I be awa',
 The simmer will come whan the winter's awa',
 An' I'll come an fee you in spite o' them a'.

My father was fulky, my mither look'd faur,
 They frawn'd o' my Jamie, because he was poor,
 I loos them as weel as a daughter fud doe',
 But wha is fae dear as my Jamie to me.

He said think nae lang lassie, &c.

The comfort he wanted I weeded mysell,
 An' what we baith suffer'd there's nane o' us cou'd
 tell,

Wi'

Wi' a smile on his cheek, an' a tear in his ee,
I'll never forget how he parted wi' me.

Sayin' think nae lang lassie, &c.

Tho' Sandy has corn, an' housen, an ky;
A house, an' a hadden, an' filler for by;
Yet I'd tak' my Jamie, an' wi' him wad gang,
Afore I'd hae Sandy wi' houses an' land.

He said think nae long lassie, &c.

And when he comes hame we'll be married believe,
We'll wark weel and guide weel, na' fear but we'll
thrive,
What signifies filler, gaen we ha' our hell,
Contented we'll live by the spade and the wheel.

Than haste you back Jamie, an' bide nae awa',
O haste you back Jamie, an' bide na' awa',
Whan the simmer is come and the winter awa',
Come back an' you'll get me in spite o' them a'.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Sung by Miss MILNE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The Ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurels weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade,
The rustic glee, the roundelay,
Sung in the silent woodland's shade.
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

MY LITTLE BLITHESOME SPARROW,

A Favourite New Song.

Written by George Saville Carey.

Now introduced by Mrs. Crouch, in the Haunted Tower,

WHY turns my Jen her head away,
My little blithesome sparrow,
That used to wanton smile and play,
Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

When the primrose blow'd so pale,
She look'd so winsome marrow,
And with her smiles she cheer'd the dale,
And crown'd the Banks of Yarrow.

Ah,

Ah, what is't makes my Jenny weep,
 What makes her look aw sorrow,
 Has she lost her fav'rite sheep,
 That feeds on bonny Yarrow.

Alas, alas, I sadly fear,
 The cause of aw this sorrow,
 She's seen some other swain more dear,
 Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

Ah, well is me, ah, well a day,
 I see what's caus'd this sorrow,
 I'll o'er the hills and far away,
 And think no mair of Yarrow.

C H L O E,

A FAVOURITE DUET.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, and Mr. JOHNSTONE, at the

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN,

And by Mr. DIGNUM, and Mr. SEDGWICK, at the

JE NE SCAI QUOI CLUB.

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
 In hopes to forget my Chloe,
 But tho' I take the pleasing draught,
 She's ne'er the less before me.

Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain,
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated:

Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

THE HAPPY FELLOW.

A Favourite Song.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend,
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
For life I know shortly must end:
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow,
In my old wicker chair, I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

Like a jolly, like a jolly, &c.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation;
I've enough of my own for to mind,
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consign'd;
Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoak, and leave nothing to pay;
But drop like a pear that is mellow:
And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to say,
He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!

He's gone, what a hearty, &c.

OSCAR's

OSCAR'S GHOST.

Tune,—Roslin Castle.

O! SEE that form that faintly gleams,
It's Oscar come to chear my dreams,
On wings of wind he flies away;
O! stay my lovely Oscar, stay.

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line;
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine:
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

HENRY AND LUCY.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

DARK was the night, and cold the wind,
And loud the northern gale,
And deep was Wansbeck's roaring tide
That thunder'd down the Vale.

" Adieu, my love," kind Henry says,
" Keen drives the blustering rain,
" And Wansbeck's swelling current sweeps
" Along the verdant plain.

" This is the last, yes, the last time,
" I'll bid my love adieu;
" To-morrow's sun shall join our hands,
" If Lucy prove but true."

" O Henry,

" O Henry, why that killing word?
" Why drops the glistening tear?
" Hast thou a thought thy Lucy will
" To thee not prove sincere?

" What flitting years have roll'd away,
" Since I receiv'd thy vow;
" And when my troth I've plighted sure,
" Shall I be faithless now?

" A darker cloud o'er shades the world,
" The moon withholds her ray;
" No glittering stars illumine the sky,
" To point my darksome way.

" Soon as the morning's orient sun
" Shall tinge the clouds above;
" With joy I'll fly and seize thy hand,
" To church to lead my love."

Dark was the night, and cold the wind,
And loud the northern blast,
When Henry from his Lucy came,
And o'er the Wansbeck past.

Before the morning's glimmering beam
Had ting'd the dusky sky,
He cheerful rose, himself array'd,
And paced the plain with joy.

Dark was the morn, and keen the wind,
And deep was Wansbeck's tide;
And Henry sunk beneath the waves,
Nor reach'd the other side.

The morning came, when Lucy rose,
And deck'd herself so gay ;
Her bridal maidens gave her joy,
On this her marriage-day.

The morning sun flung o'er the plain
A warm and lucid beam ;
No Henry came to greet his bride,
Or cross'd the Wansbeck's stream.

Of! Lucy open'd the creaking door,
And view'd the river's side ;
Her cheeks grew pale when she beheld
The fury of its tide.

The village train approach'd the door,
Their tears their sorrow tell—
Pale Lucy came—a shriek she gave,
And down she lifeless fell.

They'd laid the corpse of Henry dead
At Lucy's opening door ;
She saw the body of her love,
She shriek'd—and saw no more.

The village bell announc'd their fate,
Her maids in white array
Saw in one grave the Lover's laid,
On this their bridal day.

TULLOCH:

TULLOCHGORUM.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF ABERDEEN.

*Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset well your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks*

*Frae out your quorm;
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix —*

Gie's Tullochgorum.

FERGUSON.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whigmegmorum,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And make a cheerfu' quorum.

Blithe

Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wad na gi'e our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves opprefs,
Wi' fear of want and double cels,
And silly fauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,
Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
Shall wi' sa' four and fulky fit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,

Blithe

May

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' em.
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
 May Envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him.
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him.
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

* * See the VIGNETTE.

LAUGHING GLEE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

FILL the goblet high with wine,
 Round our temples flow'rs entwine,
 Banish care, and banish sorrow:
 To the gods belong to-morrow.
 With grateful homage crown this day,
 And sing and laugh the night away.

I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish lad,
 So blithe, so tight, so merry,
 And when in scarlet beaver clad,
 The pride of Londonderry.
 Then Teddy shun the war for me,
 Ah, Norah, be but steady;
 But, arrah now, it cannot be,
 I've lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I've lost my heart to Teddy,

When first we met, 'twou'd make you laugh,
 We look'd so at each other;
 But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
 My heart was in a pothor.
 Ted seiz'd my hand, and stole a kiss,
 Indeed, said I, already!
 Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
 I'd lost my heart to Teddy,
 O, I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

When'er the creature meets me now,
 'Tis Love when shall we marry?
 I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
 And that is not to tarry.
 O, 'tis so sweet to join the knot,
 And Hymen's always ready;
 A husband is—what is he not!
 I've lost my heart to Teddy.
 O, I've lost my heart to Teddy,

I'VE

C

WE

WE CONQUER DEAR GIRLS BUT FOR YOU.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

COME, sailors, be filling the can,
 The wind is beginning to blow;
 We've time to drink round to a man,
 And then to weigh anchor must go,
 What thousands repair to the Strand,
 To give us a cheering adieu;
 'Tis plain they believe on the land,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the main-top mast yard
 The sailor is swung to and fro,
 Let the tempest blow ever so hard,
 He whistles defiance to woe.
 The gale can but last for awhile,
 Is always the boast of the crew,
 And then they reflect with a smile,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Tho' battle tremendous appears,
 When blood stains the face of the main;
 Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,
 The sailor's a stranger to pain;
 The thought with what rapture and pride
 Each girl will her hero review,
 'Tis this makes him danger deride,
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

Sung by Mrs. ADDISON.

WHEN summer smiling bids the hills
 With noontide fervors glow,
 I lead my flocks beside the rills
 Which cheer the vale below.

Then

YOU,

Then elated with joy to the shade I repair,
For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there,

And when soft music o'er the plains

Proclaims the rural dance,

And blushing nymphs and ardent swains

In eager haste advance;

Then elated with joy to the dance I repair,

For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there,

When e'er the cottagers appear

Upon the village green,

To celebrate the wake or fair,

And hail the charming scene,

Then elated with joy to the green I repair,

For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

SEE RUDDY AURORA.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
And chases from hence the dull night,
The huntsmen are up and the hounds 'gin to chear,
Ye gods what a glorious fight.

Yoicks,

Jowler and Sweetlips, hark forward away!

Tantara we'll hail the sweet morn,

To join in such pastimes no longer delay,

But follow the sound of the horn.

The fox is unearth'd and the chase is begun,

Pursuing is each hound and steed,

He doubles, and tries by his cunning to shun,

His fate, and now skims o'er the mead.

Then

C 2

There

There closely pursued, by the river he aims
 To escape to the other side lawn,
 But, alas! he's o'erta'en, and the huntsman proclaims
 His death, by the sound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and sweet-scented beaus;
 Who delight in the noise of the town,
 Hunt fashion and folly and such foolish shews,
 In pursuit of which oft they are thrown:
 Like them where such stupid dull pastime abounds,
 So idly to waste time we scorn,
 But pursue rosy health, whilst with horses and hounds
 We follow the sound of the horn.

THE WINTER OF AGE.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

DEAR Clora, let's love while in soft wanton gales,
 Blythe zephyrs disport upon Tweed's limpid stream,
 Devoid of all guile, to repeat our fond tales,
 For pleasing is converse when love is the theme.
 O think, my fair maid, that in life's budding spring,
 In love 'tis the duty of all to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield,
 Gay Flora spread carpets of roses around,
 Or Ceres benign o'er the yellow dy'd field
 Make autumn's rich harvest diffusive abound;
 But these nought avail if in life's budding spring,
 In tender affection we fail to engage;
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin where rosy fac'd health
 Convenes ev'ry morning her sylvan levee,
 I envy not pomp, nor the splendour of wealth,
 Content my dear Clora, possessing but thee:
 Let love then, my charmer, in life's budding spring
 Our fondest regard to each other engage;
 That like the kind ivy and oak we may cling,
 From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

Sung by MASTER SHEPHERD.

SEE May approaches crown'd with flow'rs,
 And Cupid leads the laughing hours:
 Ah! let not nature smile in vain,
 But Mary blest thy constant swain.

The turtle coos, the linnets sing,
 With tales of love the woodlands ring,
 Shall not this am'rous season move,
 My Mary's gentle heart to love!

Beneath the elm tree's grateful shade,
 These hands a leafy hut have made;
 And pinks and vi'lets form the bed,
 Where Mary fair may rest her head.

Each morn the lark on soaring wing,
 Our early matins sweet shall sing;
 And ev'ry night securely blest,
 Sweet Philomel shall sooth to rest,

C E L I A.

Sung by Mr. MILWARD, at Bermondsey Spa.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
 Where whisper'd the beach, and where murmur'd the rill
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.
I vow'd to the Muses, &c.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
 And Celia's dear name never fell from my tongue;
 But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I wish'd unawares that my Celia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
 Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

As long as of nature the charms I pursue,
 I still must my Celia's dear image renew;
 For the Graces have chosen with Celia to rove,
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

 LOVE WAS ONCE.
Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

LOVE was once a harmless child;
 Sweet caresses charm'd his heart:
 Now by wealth and pow'r beguiled,
 All his artless joys depart,

I have

I have lov'd with purest truth;
 But I vainly sought his aid:
 He smiles but on the wealthy youth;
 He only hears the splendid maid.

Oh happy days when Love was kind,
 Then Heav'n had giv'n her to my arms;
 And gold had ne'er defil'd a mind,
 By nature matchless as her charms.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The words by Mr. UPTON.

TO Old St. Kath'rine's now adieu,
 Likewise to Peggy, Kate, and Sue,
 And Poll of wapping Sound;
 Our anchor's weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
 And now to plough the wat'ry world,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.
 Our anchor's weigh'd, &c.

The gale blows fresh, the wind nor-east,
 Six knots an hour we scud at least,
 Huzza! the shores resound;
 Our thund'ring guns again reply,
 And salutations rend the sky,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.

Mayhap, ere far we chance to go,
 Some rich galleon we'll take in tow,
 And such are to be found;
 Why, then each man will touch the chink,
 And, damme, lads like fishes drink,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.

And

And should we touch at Malabar,
 Or veer to foreign parts afar,
 We ne'er shall lack a pound;
 Our purser will our wants supply,
 And while we've grog, we ne'er shall die,
 Yo, yea! we're outward bound.

Old England we shall see again,
 Ne'er fear my hearts, and sailors, then
 The girls will flock around;
 And we like tars, their charms will elench,
 And freely board each smiling wench,
 Yo, yea! when homeward bound.

Our anchor's weighed, &c.

KATE OF COLEBROOK DALE.

Sung by Master SHEPHERD.

WHEN gentle Love first fir'd my breast,
 I rov'd from fair to fair,
 No shepherd swain was then so blest,
 Or so unknown to care;
 O'er heath, o'er hill, I travers'd wide;
 And sought each verdant vale,
 Yet still the last of all my pride
 Was Kate of Colebrook Dale.

How happy, sure, were then my days,
 Such tranquil joys I knew!
 Where'er I went, I spoke her praise,
 I found her just and true;
 For oft in yonder shady grove,
 I told my ardent tale;
 And whisper'd themes of fondest love;
 To Kate of Colebrook Dale.

But

But ah ! how fleeting was my bliss,
 For I'd no wealth in store ;
 Her parents thought our love amiss,
 We part to meet no more.
 But hope shall clear my tortur'd mind,
 For what will tears avail,
 Tho' thou wert faithful, fair, and kind,
 Dear Kate of Colebrook Dale !

BONNY CHARLEY.

Sung by Miss LEARY.

O DEARLY do I love to rove
 Among the fields of barley ;
 'Twas there that Charley told his love,
 The blythe, the winsome Charley.
 Then he so sued—and he so woo'd,
 And marriage was the parley ;
 What cou'd I do, but buckle to
 With bonny, bonny, Charley.

O my bonny, bonny, boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, bonny boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the lasses rue the day,
 I fought the fields of barley ;
 And strive to win from me away,
 The heart of winsome Charley ;
 But ah ! how vain ! they canna gain
 His love by all their parley ;
 And now they see he woo's but me,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

O ilka

O ilka blessing on the laird
 That owns the fields of barley,
 And ken I him alone regard,
 For he is winsome Charley.
 The gentle youth, with purest truth
 So woo's me late and early,
 I can't withstand—to give my hand
 To bonny, bonny Charley.
 O my bonny, &c.

SWEET LOVELY ROSE OF BURFORD.
 DALE.

SUNG by Mr. CLIFFORD.

MY Rose is sure the sweetest lass,
 That ever danc'd on mead or green;
 In native charms she does surpass,
 The goddess fair styl'd beauty's queen.
 The swains for many a hamlet round,
 Make her the subject of their tale,
 And ev'ry lute that's heard to sound,
 Breaths lovely rose of Burford Dale.

Sure from that flow'r, she takes her name,
 That far-surpasses all the rest;
 In fragrance too, her breath's the same,
 But, oh! what sweets compose her breast!
 No flower was ever yet so fair,
 That sportive kiss'd the wanton gale,
 Sure, ev'ry charm is center'd there,
 Sweet lovely rose of Burford Dale.

Let me this flow'r place near my heart,
 I've lov'd it long nor aught beside,
 There it shall lie, secure from art,
 And o'er each secret wish preside:

I'll make its care my chief delight,
 And morn and eve kind fortune hail,
 If thou'lt, my fair, with me unite,
 Sweet lovely rose of Burford Dale.

THE CARELESS TAR.

By Mr. UPTON.

WHAT matters, Tom, to where we're bound,
 If slighted while on British ground,
 Because our pocket's low:
 A foe d'ye see can't use us worse,
 Kind fortune yet may favour us,
 And take her Tars in tow.

What tho' we be neglected now,
 Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow,
 No, damme, mess-mates, no;
 D'ye mind, we never did it yet,
 Kind fortune soon may smile a bit,
 And take her Tars in tow.

For my part, Tom, whate'er betides
 I know there's one that will provide,
 For You, and I, and Joe.
 So brave, my hearts, the tempest now,
 Kind fortune yet I, think as how,
 Will take her Tars in tow,

Of this be sure, tho' now cast down,
 The Mermaid can't for ever frown;
 Why then, she'll kinder grow:
 And shiver me to splinters, mate,
 But fortune yet may change our state,
 And take us Tars in tow.

I'll

But

But should she frown, and brimstone like,
 Her saucy colours never strike,
 Why, then, we'll let her know
 There's room enough for you and me
 To spend our lives in joy at sea,
 And she to hell may go.

THE FOND ENQUIRY.

Sung by Mr. MILWARD, at Bermondsey-spa.

THE WORDS BY DR. FORDYCE.

AH, tell me, Daphne, tell me why,
 The roses in those cheeks should die;
 Where once so wond'rous fresh they grew,
 Adorn'd with nature's finest hue?
 'Tis not that time has o'er them past,
 'Tis not that care their bloom could blast;
 Thy youthful years remain untold,
 Nor dost thou fail for lack of gold.

Speak then, dear charming maid, the cause?
 You blush, you hesitate, you pause;
 Ah! Daphne, Daphne, you're in love:
 Love-pains your heart is doom'd to prove;
 No wanton God does thee pursue,
 The gentle youth is just and true;
 A tender friend he longs to find,
 He loves the graces in your mind.

On him to smile, if you should deign,
 And kindly free him from his pain,
 The joy of giving joy you'll know,
 The sweetest cordial here below;
 Health will revive, and life will please,
 Your breast will then resume its ease;
 Love, mellow'd into friendship then
 Will make the roses bloom again.

The

The most approved

AIRS, SONGS, CHORUS, &c.

Sung in the Favourite Comedy of

A DAY IN TURKEY;

Or, THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

*As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,
with great applause.*

C H O R U S.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, Mrs. MATTOCKS, and
Mrs. MARTYR.*

HARK! sound the trumpet, breathe the flute,
And touch the soft melodious lute:
To heav'n let ev'ry grateful sound ascend,
Thanks for our prince restor'd,
Our lover, and our friend.
Victorious hero! blooming sage!
The scourge and glory of our age!
Let roseate pleasures round thy footsteps twine,
And lead thee on to joy,
And bless thy valiant line!
Vain breathes the trumpet, and the flute,
And lost the soft melodious lute,
When, Ibrahim! thy praise they wou'd display.
Sunk in the lofty theme,
As twilight yields to day!

D

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

AH! teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
 And harmonize thy rugged mind,
 Ah! teach thy lid soft pity's tear,
 That gem of sentiment refined.
 Could'st thou once know the tender bliss
 The sympathizing bosom knows,
 When at meek sorrow's sacred touch,
 Responsive sadness round it flows—
 No more thy brow wou'd wear that frown;
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
 But joys would glitter in thy eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, and Mr. MUNDEN.

DEUCE take whining,
 Pouting, pining,
 What jokes in all this pother;
 If one wont do,
 Nor let me woo,
 I'd fit me with another.
 If blue eyes frown,
 I'd turn to brown,
 Nor lose an hour in sighing,
 Shou'd all the sex
 Combine to vex,
 They'd ne'er see me dying.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. ESTEN.

YOU think to talk of this and that,
 And keep me here in silly chat,
 But I know, I know better.
 There clearly lies, kind Sir, your way,
 Pursue it then I humbly pray,
 And me you'll make your debtor.

Why, blefs my stars, it's very odd,
 That here upon this harmless fod,
 I cannot stay in quiet.
 But now you know so clear my mind,
 Mayhap you'll leave me here behind,
 The path seems wide, pray try it.

D U B T.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, and Mrs. MARTYR.

GIVE me (you) a female soft and kind,
 Whose joy 'twould be to please me (ye);
 The beauties of her precious mind,
 Would neither charm nor tease me (ye).

The dimpled cheek, and sparkling eye,
 To me (you) are wit and sound sense;
 And better worth a lover's sigh,
 Than stores of mental nonsense.

D 2

The

The touch of honied velvet lips
Is reason and bright science,
And he who at that fountain dips,
May scorn the *Nine's* alliance.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. FAWCET.

A PRETTY gemman once I saw,
The neighbours said he studied law,
When full of grief,
In's hand a brief,
A poor man came,
Good Sir, he cried,
Plead on my side,
The lawyer *careless* answer'd—No!

A rich gown'd parson wou'd you ask
To do a charitable task
For Tom and Sue,
A couple true,
Who'd fain be tied,
With eye elate,
And strut of state,
The parson *furly* answers—No!

Should lab'ring honest low-fed Dick,
In spite of starving, very sick
To doctor send,
By some kind friend
To *beg* advice;
He strait will see
No hope of fee,
And ten to one he answers—No!

A senator

A senator you ask'd to vote,
 The dear red book he knows by rote,
 His country's good
 He understood
 You had in view,
 But shou'd he find
 No place design'd,
 His bow *polite* you know, means—No!

To a young beauty wou'd you kneel,
 And talk of all the pangs you feel?
 With eye askance
 She'll steal a glance,
 And blushing figh,
 But shou'd you press
 Her power to bless,
 She'll whisper forth a *trembling*—No!

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Sung by Master SHEPHERD, at Vauxhall.

THE WORDS BY — RICHARDSON, ESQ.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores;
 With merry song and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours.
 Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find,
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nesting of each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social gay and free.
 Yet tho' the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, (of late discharg'd)
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil:
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph that cries,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

AS through life's journey you proceed,
 Unskill'd in vice's snares;
 You know not yet what ills await,
 Your young, unguarded years.
 Let prudence regulate your choice,
 Take caution for your guide,
 Let reason have its proper weight,
 And banish stateful pride.

Humility I'd recommend,
 Good-nature too, with ease;
 Be gen'rous, good, and kind to all,
 You'll never fail to please.

Be ever thankful to that God,
 Whose blessings you receive,
 Adore no other God but he,
 In him alone believe.

Your parents next attention claim,
 Due rev'rence to them pay,
 Their tender care, with gratitude,
 Return them day by day ;
 Then as to riper years you grow,
 Your blessings will increase ;
 And in maturer age you'll find,
 Those blessings crown'd with peace.

SO WOU'D NOT I.

Sung by Miss MILNE.

IF your lovers, maids, forsake you,
 Wou'd you pine, and sigh, and die ?
 To your bed for grief betake you,
 If you wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Wou'd you dress your heads with willows,
 Let your hair neglected fly ;
 Banish slumber from your pillows,
 If you wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Shou'd a faithless swain perplex you,
 Then for one more worthy try ;
 Wou'd you let the false one vex you ?
 If you wou'd, so wou'd not I.

Men

Men were sent I'm sure to please us,
 Such their words, their looks imply;
 We were fools to let them tease us,
 If you will, so will not I.

R O U N D E L A Y.

Sung by Mrs. ADDISON.

LADIES! would you know what magic
 Charms the hearts of all mankind?
 'Tis not bloom, nor form angelic,
 But the beauty of the mind.
 Graceful mien, and handsome feature
 Powerful attractions are;
 But the choicest gifts of nature
 With this gift can ne'er compare.

Ladies, &c.

Gaudy dress can ne'er avail you,
 Fine complexion will decay;
 But this beauty ne'er will fail you,
 When all others die away.

Ladies, &c.

If already love's a duty,
 And in wedlock's bands you're join'd,
 Soon you'll see, without this beauty,
 Happiness you ne'er can find.

Ladies, &c.

The most approved

A I R S, &c.

Sung in the Favourite *Comic Opera*, of the

MAGICIAN NO CONJURER.

*As Performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
with great applause.*

A I R.

Sung by Mr. BLANCHARD.

HOW my heart will sink within me,
When I'm hugg'd by some She-bear;
Or a Hag attempts to win me,
With her serpent twining hair!
Gad-a-mercy! what shall I do,
To make love to such a Dido?

Kissing is a pleasant notion,
When we meet a pretty maid;
But becomes a devil's potion,
If we hate, or are afraid!
Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c.

Kitty Codling was my deary,
For she gave me half her vails;
But the pleasures not so cheary,
When they court with teeth and nails!
Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. WEBB.

COULD I, could I, once discover,
Where resides my destin'd lover;
If, perchance, he now reposes,
On a fragrant bed of roses;
Or on some blue river's border,
Wanders wild in sweet disorder;
O! if I could but behold him,
Ever should these arms enfold him!

A I R.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

IF wives in the market were to be sold,
I'll tell you what I'd have for my gold;
A girl with an eye that seem'd to say,
"How do you do? 'Tis a very fine day!"
She shou'd have a lip
That pouts for a smack;
Be rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of the back!

Her bosom shou'd be like the snow unsoil'd,
Her cheek as red as a lobster boil'd;
Her voice as sweet as the song of the lark,
And her hair thick and sandy, or curly and dark.
She should have a lip, &c.

Then

Then 'tis you I mean to have and to hold,
For I love your charms as well as your gold;
And you have an eye that seems to say
"How do you do? 'Tis a very fine day!"
You've a rosy lip
That pouts for a smack;
Are rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of your back!

A I R.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

WHEN placid night diffuses o'er the plain
Her silent shadows, and her dewy rain;
When the spent bird of sadness sinks to rest,
And all is calm, except the lover's breast;
With fonder fervour, more expressive woe,
The faithful tones of tend'rest passion flow.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON.

WHEN o'er the earth the breeze of darkness flies,
Wakeful and wan, perchance the maiden lies;
Yet fix'd on one alone, in vain confin'd,
A cherish'd image lives upon her mind:
O then! with grateful sympathy she hears
Her lover's voice, and answers with her tears.

AIR.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. QUICK.

FOOLS may say that I'm a Treat,
And that Magic's obsolete;
But throughout this famous nation,
All is done by conjuration.

Each does what he can, Sir,
To be thought a Necromancer.

When the client asks advice,
Lawyers deem the matter *nice*;
Touch their hands, and you shall see,
That there's Magic in a fee.

Each does all he can, Sir, &c.

Modest ladies look demure,
Mean no harm, that's very sure;
Yet exulting lovers tell,
How to gain them by a spell!

Each does all she can, Sir,
To obtain a Necromancer.

Magic with the bucks prevails,
And, like rats without their tails,
Every one among the crew,
Cries, "I'll do, I'll do, I'll do."

Each does all he can, Sir,
To be thought a Necromancer.

AIR.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. WEBB.

IF you can, Sir, pray produce
An appearance fit for use;
An appearance fit for use;
Neither wizen'd, old, nor yellow,
But a ruddy, handsome fellow,
Something like a man,
If you can, if you can.
If you can, Sir.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON.

WHY dares the eagle bend his flight,
To meet the sun's meridian light,
With such exulting glee?
'Tis not, as poets have averr'd,
Because he is the regal bird—
It is, because he's free.

The roving zephyr, as it goes,
Drinks the rich fragrance of the rose,
Or wantons o'er the stream;
And from the calm, sequester'd spray,
The linnet breathes her am'rous lay,
To eve's departing beam.

But I, alas! am doom'd to bear
The fetters of relentless care,

E

From

From ev'ry joy confin'd:
O no, to sooth my cruel pains,
One cordial solace yet remains,
The freedom of the mind.

A I R.

By Mr. INCLEDON.

THOSE ruby lips, that radiant eye,
The coldest heart of age might warm,
A saint for her wou'd leave the sky;
I own Therefa was the charm.

For her the timid must be brave,
Impetuous rush to war's alarm;
And welcome death, if her to save,
I own Therefa was the charm.

D U E T.

By Mr. INCLEDON, and Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Mr. INCLEDON.

DEPRIV'D of thee, 'twere only woe,
Midst all that wealth and pow'r bestow.

Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Depriv'd of thee, I sure should prove
How trifling all, compar'd to love.

BOTH.

B O T H.

The tender sigh, the rapt'rous tear,
Can give the only blifs sincere.

A I R.

By Mr. BLANCHARD.

WHEN one's drunk, not a girl but looks pretty,
The country's as gay as the city,
And all that one says is so witty,
A blessing on brandy and beer!
Bring the cup,
Fill it up,
Take a sup,
And let not a flincher come near.

O give me but plenty of liquor,
I'd laugh at the Squire or Vicar,
And if I'd a wife, why I'd kick her,
If e'er she pretended to sneer.
Bring the cup, &c.

Tho' I know it's a heavy disafter,
Yet I mind not the rage of my master,
He bullies, and I drink the faster.
A blessing on brandy and beer!
Bring the cup, &c.

When a cherry-cheek'd maid I've my eye on;
I do many things she cries fie on;
Ecod, I'm as bold as a Lion.
A blessing on brandy and beer!
Bring the cup, &c.

E 2

AIR.

A I R.

By Mr. FAWCETT.

I'LL fly from the Thames to the Liffy,
I'll conquer the world in a *giffy*;
With thunder, drum, trumpet, and clatter;
And I'll get the fine girl I am seeking,
Tho' she were as far off as Pekin,
I will, there's an end of the matter.

D U E T.

By Mrs. MARTYR, and Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

WHEN the toil of day is o'er, and the sheep are in
the fold,
And when across the broomy heath the whistling winds
blow cold;
When the village dogs, in fear, at the moon begin to
howl,
And from some tottering wall is heard the melancholy
owl,
Then ev'ry danger is abroad, and grisly spectres glide,
While thro' the air, with dire intent, the witch and wizard
ride.

A I R.

By Mrs. MARTYR.

SURE girls are to be pitied,
Whenever they're committed,

For being kind and gay;
And those that cry out shame,
Are very much to blame,
That's all I say.

I never could discover,
Why smiling on a lover,
Who wants to kiss and play,
Should be miscall'd offence;
It is not common sense,
That's all I say.

But tho' the grave and haughty,
Will swear it's very naughty,
They'll think a different way;
And do as others do;
I know it to be true;
That's all I say.

A I R.

By Mr. WILSON.

WHEN I get to town in the spring,
I'll contrive to be the thing,
Dancing,
Glancing,
Thus advancing,
Like the titled Tips above me,
How I'll make the ladies love me!
Rustic scenes are only proper,
For the cattle and clodhopper.

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

Rustic scenes, &c.

As I walk along the street,
I'll attack each girl I meet;
Grinning,
Winning,
Thus beginning;
"Where my Dolly, are you going?"
She shall think me deuced knowing.

Rustic scenes, &c.

CHORUS.

Rustic scenes, &c.

O! when I set up my gig,
In my box-coat I'll look big,
Wetting,
Fretting,
Oversetting;
Folks will say, when I am mellow,
"There he goes, a dashing fellow!"

Rustic scenes, &c.

CHORUS.

Rustic scenes, &c.

A I R.

By Mr. INCLEDON.

WHEN hapless woman sinks in woe,
The veriest stranger's tear shall flow,

And

And every honest bosom know,
 A wish to ease her care;
 But should the empaffion'd lover see,
 The maid of his idolatry,
 Torn from his arms and liberty,
 'Tis then indeed despair.

A I R.

By Mrs. BILLINGTON.

O! TIME's a false friend, for he always enslaves,
 And the longer we know him, the worse he behaves;
 At eye, lip, and cheek, his vile arrows he throws,
 And shatters the lily, and ruins the rose.

In a lover he's shocking, I've heard people say,
 For he finds our attractions each hour fades away;
 He's the worst of all husbands, when girls pass their
 prime,
 For they are old maids, who are married to Time.

A I R.

By Mr. MUNDEN.

YES, is the word I love the best,
 It always sets my heart at rest;
 When I ask a pretty girl for a kiss,
 What pleasure there is, if she answers *yes*;
 Yes, yes, yes.
 What pleasure there is in a kiss!

And

No,

No, is the word I hate the most,
It makes me fit to give up the ghost;
When instead of a kiss, I get a blow,
And instead of a smile a sulky No;

No, no, no;
Now I hate the word and a blow.

Young maids are wrong to make a fuss,
If a man, like me, desires a buss;
For I am certain to be at a loss,
Whenever they pout and are dev'lish cross.
Cross, cross, cross.
I detest to be at a loss.

Yes is the only word to please,
It sets a youth so much at his ease,
It gives him an air and a manner fine,
And a winning look, just the same as mine:
Mine, mine, mine;
Yes, it gives him a manner fine.

A I R.

By Mrs. WEBB.

HOW my tender heart would tremble;
Should my lover not dissemble
Half his adoration!
How my cheek will glow with blushes,
When into my arms he rushes,
'Tis a shocking situation!
Who alas! shall then befriend me?
Pray, Sir! Nay, Sir! Lud defend me!

AIR,

A I R.

By Mrs. BILLINGTON.

ME E K, mournful nightingale! whose evening
 strains,
 Is heard with many an undulating swell,
 Why dost thou love so sad a tale to tell,
 And soothe with such seducing woe, the plain,
 For thou can'st prune thy wing at break of day,
 And fly to *summer* groves, and *flow'ry* meads, away?

A I R.

By Mr. QUICK.

ODDS my life! I'm a great Magician,
 Made her a fool without contrition,
 Soon I shall do whatever I will.
 Change birds and beasts into things uncommon,
 And at times a maiden into a woman,
 All by a touch of magical skill.
 Then I'll tell her a secret worth the knowing,
 That I myself have set her a going.

O ho! she's off, a dainty creature!
 Neat in limb and pretty in feature;

Mr. Lover, I pray you be brisk!
 For should you chance to be fond of plenty,
 I'll bet you a guinea she'll content ye,
 And give you enough of fun and frisk.
 Yet I'll tell you a secret worth the knowing,
 That I myself have set her a going.

AIR

AIR

A I R.

By Mrs. MARTYR.

'TIS courage charms all womankind,
Inclines them to be tender;
And ev'ry girl expect to find
An honest bold defender.

O! they can never faithful be
Who selfish fears discover,
The trembling heart is not for me;
I scorn a timid lover!

But you, I know, are very brave,
Your look is so tremendous;
And you alone have pow'r to save
From all who would offend us!

Yet, lest you should get in a scrape,
And kill this magic stranger;
I think, 'tis wisest to escape,
And fly the coming danger!

A I R.

By Mr. MUNDEN.

I'LL tell you what, both great and small,
For half a farthing, I'll box you all!
I believe you're no better taught than fed,
Come here, and I'll give you a clout o'th' head!

Tho' you may be bold, yet you'll find I'm bolder,
And Tiger, the dog, shall be my bottle-holder!

(Whistles) Tiger! Tiger!

You think you've done a pretty job,
By coming at night, the house to rob!
Yet, they say, the weakest goes to the wall,
And, for half-a-farthing, I'll box you all!

Tho' you may be bold, &c.

A I R.

By Mr. INCLEDON.

WHEN true affection fills the heart,
The lover acts the hero's part,
Nor yields himself to sighs!
Determined, still pursues the fair,
In spite of danger and despair,
He gains her—or he dies!

A I R.

By Mr. BLANCHARD.

I CARE not who knows it, but I am a fellow,
Whose meaning is good, whether sober or mellow;
And tho' my poor head has oft' need of a plaster,
Yet still there's a kindness 'twixt me and my master!

“ Here, Peter,” now calling,

“ You rascal,” now bawling;

While I answer, “ Coming;”

Then carelessly humming,

As it pleases my fancy, move slower or faster!

If

If I had a place with a lady of beauty,
I never a moment wou'd fail in my duty;
With my hat in my hand, how I'd smile as I pass her!
And look sweet as sugar that's kept in a cask!

"Come hither, dear Peter

"Thou troublesome creter!

And then I'd be fighting,

As if I were dying!

Oh, she shou'd my mistress, but I'd be her master!

A I R.

By Mrs. BILLINGTON.

O H, what can match the pleasure
A daughter's feelings prove,
When re-obtain'd the treasure
Of lost paternal love!

Like the moon's pure lustre waning,
Her eye's pale griefs depart,
And a soften'd sigh remaining,
Gives transport to her heart!

A father long deluded,
Shall hold her doubly dear!
And she, no more secluded,
Forget he was severe!

Like the moon's pure lustre, &c.

AIR.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, and Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Mr. INCLEDON.

IN the breast of the lover what transports arise
When he gains the consent of his fair,
When he finds a dear destiny beam from her eyes,
And laughs at the threats of old care!

Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Nor think the fond maiden less rapture receives,
Tho' the blush may be found on her cheeks;
For love to the mind a new gaiety gives,
And a smile is the language he speaks!

B O T H.

'Tis the union of souls can true happiness bring,
And the winter of life deck with blossoms of spring!

I NEVER WILL BE MARRIED.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ROWSON.

Sung by Miss LEARY.

WHEN I had scarcely told sixteen,
My flatt'ring tell-tale glass
Told me there seldom could be seen,
A blyther bonnier lass.

F

Full

AIR.

Full twenty lovers round me bow'd;
 But high my head I carried,
 And with a scornful air I vow'd,
 I never wou'd be married.

Young Harry warmly urg'd his suit,
 And talk'd of wealth in store,
 While Jenmy thought to strike me mute,
 And told his conquests o'er.
 Each youth a diff'rent art essay'd,
 And still their arts I parried,
 Believe me, Sirs, I laughing said,
 I never will be married.

Then five revolving summers past,
 While I the tyrant play'd,
 Ah! then I fear'd 'twould be at last
 My fate to die a maid.
 Of all the lovers in my train,
 There was but one that tarried,
 I thought 'twas time to change my strain,
 And we this morn were married.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

Sung by Miss LEARY.

NO mair ye bonny lasses gay,
 Your blithe some sonnets now display,
 For Jem of Aberdeen,
 But join your voices now with me,
 And, as we gang along the Lee,
 Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony sun-beams play,
 When Phœbus gilds the first of May,

His

His face is ruddy seen,
 And then he trips with sic a grace,
 All other lads to him give place,
 Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he says he'll take my hand,
 Who can his bonny suit withstand,
 He smiles sa sweet I ween;
 I vow my heart cannot deny,
 Wi his kind wish I shall comply,
 My Jockey of the Green.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Sung by Miss MILNE.

OFT as on Thames's banks I stray,
 Where nymphs and swains appear,
 From all their sports I turn away,
 If William be not there.
 Nymphs then laugh,
 The swains all quaff
 Their cyder, ale, and perry;
 Then a nod and wink,
 While health they drink,
 To William of the Ferry,
 Dear William of the Ferry.

When on the stream the youths attend,
 Their manly skill to show;
 With rival force the oar they bend,
 And o'er the surface row;

But none I'm sure,
 E'er ply the oar,
 Or steer so well the wherry,
 As he who won
 The prize alone,

Young William, &c;

Such bliss to me his smiles impart,
 Whene'er he talks of love;
 That now I find my yielding heart
 Does all his hopes approve;
 So Hymen's bands,
 Shall join our hands,
 Then I'll be blithe and merry,
 And sing thro' life,
 The happy wife,

To William, &c. &c.

ADDITIONAL SONG

INTRODUCED IN THE WOODMAN,

Sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON.

CCOURT me not to scenes of pleasure,
 This fond heart no more must know;
 Can it beat to Mirth's gay measure,
 All its strings attun'd to woe?
 No, the mind by Hope forsaken,
 But of Sorrow seeks relief:
 Joy no transport can awaken,
 Sighs must number out its grief,

She

SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

THE morning dew that wets the rose,
 Its blooming tints more lovely shews,
 So on my Mary's face appears,
 The pearly lustre of her tears,
 When others woes she weeps to see,
 But ah! she never thinks of me.

When round the youths in transports gaze,
 And love forbids the pow' er to praise,
 While she with artless mien beguiles,
 And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles,
 Her triumph still I'm fond to see,
 Although she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair Hope, for ever go,
 Here will I nourish dearest woe,
 For Sorrow's self can sweets impart,
 Sweet every pang that rends the heart,
 And sweet to die 'twill surely be,
 For her who never thinks of me.

FYE FOR SHAME.

Sung by Mrs. ADDISON.

BEHOLD a damsel in distress,
 Above sixteen, indeed tis true;
 For ever snubb'd by aunty Bess,
 A cross old maid of forty-two;

To Strephon if I smile or speak,
 She cries, That spirit, Miss, I'll tame;
 And should he kiss my hand or cheek,
 'Tis, Forward hussey, fye for shame.

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,
 'Tis envy only makes her rail,
 For yester evening parson Sly
 Stept in to taste my father's ale;
 Close up to Bess his chair he drew,
 First kiss'd her, then confess'd a flame;
 She smil'd and blush'd, when in I flew,
 And cry'd, Fye aunty, fye for shame.

So let her rail no more at me,
 I think she now may hold her tongue,
 For woman-kind I plainly see,
 Are all alike, both old and young:
 And should young Strephon urge his suit,
 And beg the happy day I'd name,
 Believe me I would not be mute,
 Tho' all the world cry'd Fye for shame.

POLGAMY CONTROVERTED.

BY A LADY.

A POINT was discuss'd by a husband and wife,
 That 'twixt the fond couple engender'd a strife;
 Two wives to one husband, he said should belong—
 My dear, quoth the lady, you're totally wrong,
 For, chapter and verse I can quote to maintain,
 That, 'stead of one husband, a wife should have twain;
 The scripture, design'd for the rule of our lives—
 Says, ————— meaning husbands, not wives.

The

The most approved

AIRS, SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

Sung in the Favourite Legendary Drama of
THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As Performed at the Theatre Royal, in the Hay-market,
with great applause.

A I R.

Sung by SPIRITS, SATYRS, &c.

HERE quickly, quickly, strike the strings,
And wake the slumb'ring moon;
Mars and Venus now are met:
So rouse and shhcter your music's wings,
To fright the light and curious noon.
Come, louder, louder, louder yet!

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, &c.

YOU that join our nightly trade;
Soft betake you to this shade;
Hark! how the plaintive bird of night
In mournful notes upbraids the light.
Lightly trip, but as you come,
Gently beat on Cupid's drum.

Mr.

The

Mr. BANNISTER.

Sometimes, too, the trump we fill,
Sounding larums from each hill ;
The deep-ton'd horns the notes then wave,
And start the echo in her cave.

C H O R U S.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Mrs. BLAND, &c.

BUXOM, jovial, blithe, and free,
Care, begone! none here know thee ;
Sadness, hence! we know thee not ;
Hence to thy loathsome, evil-haunted cot!

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, and Miss DECAMP.

MORTAL, mortal, mortal man!
Learn to bear thy froward fate ;
Let sorrow do whate'er she can,
Patience shall upon thee wait.
Mortal, mortal, mortal man!

A I R.

By Mrs. BLAND.

WOULD you known how you must find it?
A spring just tinkles close behind it,
Whose

Whose waters o'er the sand are roll'd,
And make the bottom show like gold:
The top's a thorn, a sign of smart;
The root shap'd like a lover's heart,
Red as blood; the magic cress
On its spreading leaves doth rest:
Place it on thy lady's breast,
And be sure with her thou'rt blest.

A I R.

By Mr. BANNISTER.

SULKY pride, dare not here venture,
Nor into our dances peep:
Back again to thy dull centre!
There thy formal state to keep.

C H O R U S.

Scandal, hence! and quit our view,
None's admitted of thy crew.

A I R.

By Mrs. TAYLOR.

JOIN your hands,
You light-foot, merry, airy bands:
Like woodland nymphs with violets crown'd;
How across the green we'll bound!

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

Scandal, hence! and quit our view,
None's admitted of thy crew.

TRIO.

By Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. Mrs. BLAND, and
Miss DECAMP.

Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

O H, when the liquor I do quaff
So cosy then I get and mellow;
At sprites and goblins I do laugh,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la! I'm——

Mrs. BLAND,

——A rare bold fellow.

Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

When children squall and wife takes pet,
Rot care, cry I, what matters thinking?
If sorrow's dry I'll take a wet,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la! I'm——

Miss DECAMP,

For ever drinking.

Mr.

Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

I dearly love the nut-brown bowl,
I search the bottom of its merits;
'Tis mantling ale delights my soul——

Mrs. BLAND, and Miss DECAMP.

Fal, la, la, la, la!

Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

But I don't like spirits.

Mrs. BLAND, and Miss DECAMP.

Fal, la, la, la!

Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

But I don't like spirits.

Mrs. BLAND, and Miss DECAMP.

You're afraid of spirits.

A. I. R.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND.

OH, let me in those ringlets stray
Of some sweet nymph, where graces dwell;
Or on some panting bosom play,
Which smother'd sighs and wishes swell:—

Or

Or in those wanton, glist'ning eyes,
The starting tears away to wipe,
That tell tales how the tongue belies
The lips, just plump for kisses ripe.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Senr.

MY father Pan, when I was born,
Taught me to blow the shepherd's horn,
Or with my pipe the rocks entrance:
Under a hedge, in wintry weather,
We us'd to sit and pipe together,
Till the merry fawns would dance.

When evening saw pale day-light blush,
We'd hunt the wolf o'er brake and bush,
Or track the savage tiger's pace:
I us'd to link Diana's hounds,
Or lead them over 'wilder'd grounds,
The mountain-deer to chace.

But if the wolf the flock did sunder,
I was beaten for the blunder;

My pipe, my horn, were stol'n away.—
Now if my plaintive song can move thee,
Here let me swear to dearly love thee,
And hug thee night and day;

PATRICK

PATRICK O'CONNOR.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

The Words by Mr. Astley, sen.

FROM sweet Tipperary, to pick up some honour ;
 I'm here to be sure, little Patrick O'Connor,
 With Dennis O'Neal, Teddy Blane, and O'Carty,
 By my soul we have routed the black-a-moor party.
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, faith Mr. Tippoo,
 We have bother'd your head, and we've made you to skip O !
 Devil burn me, your quiet, so good bye Mr. Tippoo.

Now d'ye see the queer Chief would have fain made us bellow,
 But for gallant *Cornwallis*, that fine British fellow,
 While Tippoo made sure now, to kill us and eat us,
 With the half of his kingdom, we made him to treat us.
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, so Mr. Tippoo,
 You fain wou'd have give us, my jewel, the slip O !
 Arrah, honey, be easy, now do Mr. Tippoo.

What good looking creatutes these lacks of rupees, Sir ;
 Then the two lads, great Tippoo's sons, if you please, Sir,
 To be sure, Mr. Sultan with us they an't sleeping.
 Nor you get them again till you pay for their keeping.
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, faith Mr. Tippoo,
 To be sure you won't pay us for taking a trip O !
 Which we did just to say, How d'ye do Mr. Tippoo ?

O England and Ireland, my jewel for ever,
 Their hearts are so great, and their soldiers so clever ;
 Now 'Tippoo wou'd fain send us back with pretences,
 But d'ye mind it won't do 'till he's paid all expences.
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, no Mr. Tippoo,
 Not a man must take horse, and ride home in a ship O !
 Till the reck'ning is paid——then good day Mr. Tippoo.

G

A PLANXTY.

A PLANXTY.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

IF you'd travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Ballinrobe;
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who liv'd in the reign of King Shamus,
Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.

With my whack fal de lal, fal de lal lee,
Oh the land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,
That city where first, as a spinster,
I open'd these pair of black eyes;
In this town there is fire without smoaking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And then there's such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
The sons of the brave O's and Macs,
Who died whene'er they were victorious,
And after that ne'er turn'd their backs;
Our heads are stout and full of valour,
Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
And the ladies reward all our pains.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

St. Patrick

St. Patrick is still our proteſtor,
 He made us an Iſland of Saints,
 Drove our ſnakes and toads like an Heſtor,
 And ne'er ſhut his eyes to complaints;
 Then if you would live and be friſky,
 And never die when you're in bed,
 Come to Ireland and tippie the whiſkey,
 And drink ten years after you're dead.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

O'WHACK'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

YOU may talk of a brogue of Ireland's ſweet nation,
 Of bulls and howls and palaver commeca,
 But mon dieu! 'tis no more to the French boderation,
 Than vin de bourdeaux like to ſweet uſquebaugh;
 If I go back again, blood and ouns! how I'll wriggle,
 And conge, and caper, and make the folks ſtare,
 And inſtead of potatoes, how Shelagh will giggle,
 When I cries, Ma'm'selle, hand me that ſweet pomme
 de terre.
 With their petit chanſon, Caira, Caira, Malbrook,
 Mermington, and their Dans votre lit,
 By their pow'rs they're all nonſenſe and bodder agree,
 To our didero, bubbero, whack! langolee.

O mon jolly tight Shelagh, ah! how could I ſcorn her,
 When I lov'd her ſo dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo,
 And go round the globe, aye, from corner to corner,
 For ſoup maigre, la dance, and for frogs, and vertu;
 And then to forſake magnifique Tipperary,
 For pauvre Verſailles, and its capering throng,
 And eat friccafées only fit for a fairy,
 Inſtead of ſubſtantial roaſt beef de mutton.

With their petit chanſon, &c

Oh, I kist a Grifette who halloo'd out, ma fi done,
 And yet I consol'd her all night and all day.
 To be sure and I was not her sweet Irish Cupidon,
 Her petit mignon, and mi lor Anglois;
 But when she found out sans fix sours was poor whack fir,
 It was allez, miserable diable John Bull,
 So I e'en gave this blarneying Frenchified cat, fir,
 Of good wholesome shellilagh a compleat stomach full,
 With their petit chanfon, &c.

The most approved

AIRS, SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

Sung in the Favourite Pantomime of

BLUE BEARD;

Or, THE FLIGHT of HARLEQUIN.

*As Performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
 with great applause.*

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

MARK you what pow'rs this wand endue
 Whene'er 'tis wav'd, a blessed crew
 Of spirits from the realms of air;
 Whether afloat in day's blest tide,
 Or on the moon's pale beam they ride,
 Obedient to my will—repair!

And

And lo! the *demon*, in his dread abode,
Feels th' invading magic of t his *ring*!
And at his call, arra y'd in ire,
From their unfathom'd floods of fire,
As from a couch, his hellish legions spring!

A I R.

Sung by Mr. GREY.

AND yet, howe'er these gifts surprise,
No perfect transport thence can rise,
Till Fate bestows to bless your cell.
O where can you the phoenix find!
A blooming nymph, within whose mind
No curiosity must dwell!

T I P P Y B O B.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

MY name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob,
View me round—on each side, and the top;
I am sure I'm the thing!
Nay, I wish I may swing,
If I a'nt now, a nice natty crop!
I'm up to each rig,
Of my hat smoke the gig!
Like candles my locks dangle down!
And look in my rear,
As an ostrich I'm bare!
But the knowingest smart of the town!
As I walk thro' the lobby,
The girls cry out " Bobby!

“ Here, Bobby!—My Bibbidy Bob!”
 Now squeaking! now bawling!
 Then pulling and hawling!
 So smirking and pleasing!
 So coaxing and teizing!
 I can’t get them out of my knob!

Observe well my shape,
 And the fall of my cape,
 It’s the thing! It’s the thing! dam’me!—A’n’t it?
 And this bow round my neck,
 Would at least hold a peck!
 It may catch some old Duchess, too! may’nt it?
 Then under this collar,
 I’ve got a large roller,
 ’Tis just like a huge German sausage;
 And squeez’d up so tight,
 That, by this good light,
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage!

As I walk thro’ the lobby, &c.

My vest, a foot long,
 Nine capes in a throng,
 My breeches—my small-clothes—I mean,
 From my chest to my calf—
 Damn the mob! Let them laugh,
 I dress not by them to be seen;
 The strings at my knees,
 Like chevaux-de-frize,
 My boots to the small of my leg!
 My spurs the nonsuch!
 No crop can me touch,
 For I swear I’m at home to a peg!

As I walk thro’ the lobby, &c.

AIR,

(79*)

A I R.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

I'VE seen the gentle Columbine,
Yon mansion holds the fair,
Her brothers know for her I pine,
And aid my tender pray'r.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, and Mr. GREY.

I F fretted roofs, and untold ore,
Or gems of which I have a store,
Have pow'r the female heart to lure,
I've Columbine, I think, secure.

BLUE EY'D NORAH.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at several Convivial Societies.

Tune,—The Sparrows.

A H, how can I my grief reveal!
How ease my tortur'd breast!
My heart a prey to hopeless love,
Oh, when shall I have rest?
Can I forget the luckless hour,
When first I knelt before her,
Alas! I ne'er shall see again
My lovely, blue-ey'd Norah,

AIR,

Her

Her vermil lip, love darting eye,
Her grace, each beauteous charm,
Ye envious powers! ah why did I
E'er gaze upon that form?
Her bosom cold as mountain snow,
Yet still I must adore her,
Ah, whither art thou gone, sweet maid!
Dear, lovely, blue ey'd Norah!

Ye nymphs, that trip the verdant plains,
Oh think what I must feel,
A sorrow now consumes my breast,
Which time can never heal!
Oh could I see the beauteous fair,
Again I'd kneel before her;
Or yield a prey to black despair,
And die for blue-ey'd Norah.

CONTENT AND A COT.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

WRITTEN BY MR. J. HARRISON,

I HAVE look'd into life, and with truth I can say,
I find highest bliss lies in lowliest lot;
From my breast drive the dæmon of pride far away,
And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot,
Content and a cot, &c.

" If fix'd on a plain, or a hillock's green side,
" In a valley, a wood, or a dale, matters not,
" From oppression, and falsehood, O let me but hide;
" And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
" Content and a cot, &c.

May

May I ne'er expect cloathing, or food, without toil,
Or covet the wealth that's dishonestly got;
Tho' man be ungrateful, not so is the soil,
And give me, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
Content and a cot, &c.

" In the sweat of my brow, make me till my scant ground,
" To raise fruits, and herbs, for the dish, or the pot,
" While my innocent babes, with my lambs frolick round,
" And give us, kind Heav'n, content in our cot.
" Content in our cot, &c.

With the wife of my youth, till old age let me live,
And soothe each sad pang that's the sexes hard lot,
The errors of each, teach us each to forgive,
And grant us, kind Heav'n, content in our cot.
Content in our cot, &c.

Thus, all life wears away, let us live free from blame,
Our love never cool, nor our anger e'er hot,
May our girls, and our boys, prove precisely the same,
Then grant them, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.
Content and a cot, &c.

I COULD NOT HELP IT; NO, NOT I.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

WORDS BY MR. UPTON.

A PLAGUE upon the men, I say!
They'll never leave poor girls alone;
E'er teasing, teasing, night and day,
Till they have won us for their own.

And

And yet, that women love the men,
 'Tis surely folly to deny,
 For nine will answer, out of ten,
 "I cannot help it, no, not I."

I told young Edwy, t'other day,
 I never wou'd become a bride;
 But sure he took a certain day,
 To tell me truly, that I ly'd!
 First with a kiss, he stopt my breath,
 And softly said—"Sweet creature, why?"
 And tho' he squeez'd me, 'most to death,
 I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

Well, what d'ye think at last I said,
 I never shall forget, I swear!
 "I tell you plain, I'll never wed;
 "So tease me, now, Sir, if you dare!"
 But, oh! he kiss'd me then so sweet,
 And look'd so charming in my eye!
 I vow'd at church the youth to meet;
 I cou'd not help it; no, not I.

THE SOLACE OF LIFE,

Sung by Mr. DUFFY, at Vauxhall.

WHEN the trumpet of fame calls to honour and arms,
 Proud glory we fondly pursue;
 Ev'ry bosom is fir'd with war's fierce alarms,
 The wreath of Victoria in view.
 Yet glory, and honour, to Cupid must yield:
 He leads far from battle and strife:
 Each wound of the soldier by beauty is heal'd
 Her smile is the solace of life.

When

When the trumpet of Fame call'd to honour and arms,
 From love, and my Nancy, I flew;
 I left the delight of beholding her charms,
 The clangor of war to pursue:
 Now war is all over, and peace smiles around,
 I return to my friend, and my wife:
 With my Nancy, content, joy, and pleasure, are found;
 Her smile is the solace of life.

EACH PLEASURE TO HUNTING, SWEET HUNTING MUST YIELD,

ADDRESSED TO THE BUCKS OF THE CHACE.

By Mr. Upton.

YE sportsmen for pleasure and exercise born,
 For shame, leave your beds, and arise with the morn:
 The Goddess Diana leads forth to the chace,
 And day, my brave fellows, breaks on us apace;
 The morn is a fine one, right healthy and clear,
 Fine sport will attend us, my boys, never fear.
 And now we're all ready, Huzza! for the field,
 Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

Our steeds are sure-footed, our dogs staunch and good,
 Prepar'd to encounter with lake, fence, and wood,
 Now, Reynard, have at ye; the hounds have the scent,
 And eager for blood, on destruction are bent.
 Hark! hark! how the clamour resounds through the spheres,
 The glorious confusion enraptures the ears;
 Old Crafty still heads them the length of a field,
 Each pleasure to hunting, sweet hunting must yield.
 Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

By

By Nimrod, how charming the chase does improve!
 Hills, vallies, and mountains, apparently move;
 The fox is a stager, how daring he flies!
 Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, the brusher defies:
 But, see, how he trembles, and halts to gain breath,
 Now nothing can save him from imminent death;
 The harriers have seiz'd him what shouts rend the field!
 Each pleasure to hunting, sweet hunting must yield,
 Each pleasure to hunting, &c.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FASHION.

Sung by Mrs. ADDISON, at Vauxhall.

HARK, forward's the word, and all join in the chase;
 Ambition, and politics, now must give place;
 After Fancy and Folly we eagerly fly;
 In pursuit of the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Pell mell, after Cupid, each heart-wounding dame,
 From sixteen to sixty's pursuing the game:
 With their full flowing tresses, some hobble, some fly;
 In pursuit of the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Ding-dong, helter-skelter, the sweet-scented beaux,
 Either lead the pursuit, or fall in at the close;
 With their pockets so low, and their collars so high,
 Pursuing the Fashion, Hark forward's the cry.

Let the fashion be chang'd, it has lasted too long;
 If its conquest we aim at, we're all in the wrong:
 To the fame of Old England, let each have an eye;
 And her foes be the game, when Hark forward's the cry.

The most approved SONGS, in

Z E L M A;

Or, THE WILL O' TH' WISP.

As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,
with great applause.

A I R.

Z E L M A.

THE shades of ev'ning now descending,
Zeph'rs weary pinions close;
And every noise and labour ending,
Nature sinks to soft repose.

Sweet moon, in heav'n's pure azure pendant,
My heart reflects thy smiling ray;
While Philomel, my sweet attendant,
Enchants me with her tender lay.

A I R.

H A Z E M.

A H, she flies, and peace and pleasure
As she leaves me, quit my mind;
O return, my vanish'd treasure,
As thou'rt lovely, O be kind.

H

Winds

Winds, while pangs of absence tear me;
 Waft my sighs to beauty's breast;
 When ye to her presence bear me,
 Then my heart will be at rest.

A I R.

D A R I F.

WHEN a happy single fellow,
 Mirth each moment did employ;
 Full of frolic, sportive, mellow,
 Oft' I'd wet the t'other eye.

Rosy, cosy,
 Quaffing, laughing,
 Friends abounding,
 Sorrow drowning,
 That was life, or may I die!
 Rattling, ringing,
 Roaring, singing,
 Glingling glasses,
 Toasting lasses,
 Oh, what a jolly dog was I!

Foremost at all frisk and funning,
 Every turban'd tit would cry,
 Dariff looks so spruce and cunning,
 Devil take his roguish eye.
 Rosy, cosy, &c.

Now a bride's brisk tittle-tattle,
 Added to my comrades' jeers,
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,
 Always dinging in my ears.
 (*Now I'm no more*) Rosy, cosy, &c.

AIR.

A I R.

BARBARA.

BEAUTY's like the rose just blowing,
 O'er which zephyrs never flew;
 With attractive coyness growing,
 It excludes the morning dew.
 Nature smiles, and freshly shining,
 Every leaf admits the day;
 Evening comes, and now declining,
 See, it sinks in sweet decay!

A I R.

HAZEM.

LOVE through all my bosom rushing,
 Burns my cheek with fiery flushing,
 Since I first this beauty knew;
 All my days are fond confusion,
 And in slumbers sweet delusion,
 She is ever in my view.

A I R.

BARBARA.

WOMAN is a match for him;
 Tho' man be ne'er so wise,
 For cunning plays about her tongue,
 And magic in her eyes;

AIR.

H 2

Let

Let youth and beauty mark him out,
 The victim of a smile,
 And down the mighty hero falls,
 A lion in a toil.

Then, husband, set your heart at ease,
 For young I am and fair enough,
 And only bring me to the proof,
 I'll find a way to please.

For woman is a match, &c.

Why should fairy fancies hold
 Poor mortals in a spell,
 When simple woman every day
 Can do the feat as well?
 Then trust my skill, and you shall see
 What wonders I can do,
 For sure a wonder it must be,
 To make a man of you.

But, Darif, set your heart at ease,
 For young I am, and wise enough,
 And only bring me to the proof,
 I'll find the way to please.

Yes, woman is a match for him, &c.

C H O R U S.

Fair friend of truth,
 Protect our youth,
 And bless thy votaries here below,

AIR;

A I R.

HAZEM.

BRING her to me, gentle ocean,
 In these arms to end my fears;
 Time, how tardy is thy motion,
 All thy moments turn to years.
 Haste, dear beauty, haste, I languish,
 Come, or grief will rend my heart;
 Ah! already tears of anguish,
 From my eager passion start.

Bring her to me, &c.

I'LL DIE FOR NO SHEPHERD NOT I.

Sung by Miss MILNE, at Vauxhall.

WHEN first on the plain I began to appear,
 And the shepherds to ogle and sigh,
 They call'd me their dear, their delight, and their joy,
 But I heed no such nonsense, not I.

Not all their fine words, their flattery and love,
 Tho' they swore if I frown'd they should die,
 Could bring me to like, to love, or approve,
 For I need no such nonsense, not I.

But now in my turn I'm in love too, I find,
 Tho' believe I for grief should not die,
 Were Jemmy as false as the wav'ring wind,
 O I heed no such nonsense, not I.

H 3

I think

I think the lad likes me, and he may prove true;
 And if so, I will love till I die:
 But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove so too,
 O I'll die for no shepherd, not I.

MOLLY OF THE MEAD.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

AS on yon village lawn I stray'd
 One morning in the spring,
 Around the lambs all sportive play'd,
 The birds did blithesome sing;
 Upon a bank, where willows grew,
 I tun'd my oaten reed,
 How much I'm chang'd since first I knew
 Sweet Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

No shepherd was so blythe as I,
 No youth was e'er so blest,
 In rapture sweet the time did fly,
 For love then warm'd my breast.
 To please her was my sole employ,
 To her I tun'd my reed,
 And, morn and eve my only joy
 Was Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

Soon as the sun resplendant rose,
 One morn I took my way,
 And eager sought some fragrant flow'r,
 To make her look more gay,
 Right well she saw my tender pain,
 And soon my fate decreed,
 And now I live the happiest swain,
 With Molly of the Mead. Sweet Molly, &c.

THE

THE VEIL.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

AH, Fashion, wherefore dost thou still
 The female breast with anger fill,
 And teach such cruel arts?
 'Tis thou that bid'st the fair conceal
 Their glowing charms beneath a veil,
 To tantalize our hearts.

O banish the bonnet, or draw up the veil,
 And crown with simplicity each British fair;
 No longer their smiles and their dimples conceal,
 But let us behold them e'en just as they are.

Ah, Fashion, 'tis thy ruthless pow'r
 That 'midst the grove, and in the bow'r,
 Oft damps extatic bliss;
 For when the nectar we should sip,
 The cobweb flutters on the lip,
 And blunts the amorous kifs.

O banish the bonnet, &c.

O Fashion bid the curtain rise,
 That we may feast our longing eyes,
 With dimples and with smiles;
 Then ev'ry youth shall bless thy sway,
 And to thy precepts homage pay,
 Dear goddess of our isles.

O banish the bonnet, &c.

The

The most approved
AIRS, TRIOS, &c.

SUNG IN
C Y M O N.

*As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
with great applause.*

A I R.

Altered from Monseigneur, by STORAGE.

Second Shepherdess.

FROM love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
From love's fond arts what maid can fly?
When the dear youth with passion glowing
Breathes on her bosom a tender sigh;
From love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
From love's fond arts what maid can fly?

Vainly are prudes their anger shewing,
Were they so press'd they wou'd so comply:
From love, each sweetest bliss bestowing,
From love's fond arts what maid can fly?

TRIO

TRIO.—LINLEY.

First Shepherdess—Second Shepherdess—and Linco.

First Shepherdess.

COME, dearest sister, why all this passion,
Men are all fickle and untrue.
Pr'ythee remember whatever's the fashion,
Is no disgrace to me or you.

Truly I wish not your pride to awaken,
But trust me, sister, I tell you true;
Heigh-ho! when I am forsaken,
You well may be left to a heigh-ho too,
Heigh-ho! oh what will you do!

Second Shepherdess.

CEASE, silly maiden, cease your jeering;
Sister, your aim I plainly see,
Tho' men are fickle, yet spite of your sneering,
Some difference, thank ye, 'tween you and me.

Madam, I vow, since you force me to speak it,
'Twere strange had you found Damon true,
But heigh-ho! my heart; rage will break it,
To think I am treated no better than you.
Heigh-ho! oh what shall I do!

Linco.

NAY, pretty shepherdess, cease this contention,
Both forsaken you well may agree;
Gone both your lovers, begone dissention,
To chuse again you both are free.

Or better still resolve, this love so beguiling,
 To laugh at and scorn his hearts like me,
 Heigh-ho!—Oh change it to smiling,
 And anger and sighs for good humour and glee,
 Heigh-ho! for tol lol de rol de ree.

Both Shepherdesses.

LET's listen pray to Linco, cease this contention;
 Both forsaken, we well may agree,
 Gone both our lovers, begone dissention,
 To chuse again we both are free.

RONDEAU.—STORACE.

Urganda.

TO relieve my fond complaining,
 Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,
 While my heart its pow'r disdaining,
 Owns no spell but sighs of love.

Love, with gay bewitching smiling,
 Ever chid yet ever dear,
 Pleasing most while most beguiling,
 Paining most while most sincere.

To relieve my fond complaining,
 Magic's aid in vain I'd prove,
 While my heart its pow'r disdaining,
 Owns no spell but sighs of love.

TRIO.

TRIO.—STORAGE.

Urganda—Fatima—and Cymon

Cymon.

UNWONTED transport fills my breast,
'Tis joy I never felt before,
A joy the enemy of rest,
Yet rest I wish not to restore.

Fatima.

PRETTY Symon, simple creature,
Tell me what has touch'd your heart;
You, the pupil of pure nature,
Do not know the traitor's part.

Urganda.

DESPAIR and anguish fill my breast,
Despair I never felt before,
Despair that has destroy'd my rest,
And peace and hope return no more.

SONG.—MELODY KELLY.

Accompaniments by STORAGE.

Cymon.

WHILE fond thoughts I'm thus caressing,
Fanning thus the flame of love,
Prudence whispers, Is the blessing
Equal to the cares I prove ?

TRIO.

Endless

Endless sorrow still attending,
To disturb my faithful breast,
Jealous fears my bosom rending,
Love must bid adieu to rest.

But hence ungrateful doubts! away!
Oh, Love, I own thy gentle sway!
Joy, life, and reason, from thee flow,
To thee and Sylvia all I owe.

YE CHRYSTAL FOUNTAINS, SOFTLY FLOW.

A Favourite Canzonet.

YE crystal fountains, softly flow,
Ye gentle gales, ah! cease to blow;
For know, my blooming, constant, swain
Doth calmly sleep on yonder plain:
Propitious pow'rs, affront that rest,
Which ever dwelt within his breast;
With caution guard his radiant charms.

Around my love, ye violets spring;
In plaintive notes, ye warblers sing;
Ye roses bloom about his head,
And sweetly scent his mossy bed:
Ye little Cupids, quickly bring
Each green that decks the verdant spring;
There form a sweet sequester'd grove,
And hide secure my beauteous love.

The most approved SONGS, &c. in the Comic Opera of
JUST IN TIME. As performed at the Theatre-
Royal, Covent-Garden.

AIR.—*Melville, Mr. INCLEDON.*

HOW poor are words! how vain is art,
 How Angella's charms to trace!
 Her speaking eye, her feeling heart—
 Such symmetry and grace!
 Her mind more pure than virgin snows,
 That on the mountain rest:
 Pure as the lambent flame, which glows
 Within this faithful breast.

AIR.—*Stave, Mr. MUNDEN.*

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find,
 'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind;
 From the high to the low;
 Is it not so?
 Say, aye or no!

You doubt it—I'll give you a striking example,
 Then judge of the others by this single sample,
 And the truth you'll soon know.
 Shall I do so?
 Say, aye or no!

Sage Physic and Law, don't we every day see,
 Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee—
 With pleasure I trow;
 Is it not so?
 Your aye or no!

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
 Where the main spring's self-interest—the object is gold:
 This we all of us know,
 Is it not so?
 Say, aye or no!

AIR.—*O' Liffey*, Mr. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
 At sweet Ballinasloe, or the fair of Clogheen;
 With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as flocks,
 See the girls frisk and foot it as merry does.

All the day,
 Piper play,
 Cries Gollsoon,
 T'other tune;

While young Darby and Judy, are footing so tight,
 The poor Piper keeps puffing, from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
 Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove;
 Fine ribbands and roses, to deck out her hair,
 And the neatest stuff gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet spoleen
 On the green,
 When they dine,
 Whisky fine;

The Piper still playing, the Priest he says grace,
 And content, love, and jollity, smile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
 Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
 The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
 Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling, buckling,
 Piping, fiddling;

Father Fogarty, Piper, and all join the route,
 And the new-married couples fall jigging about.

AIR.

AIR.—*Sir Solomon Oddly, Mr. Quiet.*

THE heroes stout, who dangers, scorn,
 May boast their arms and tented field;
 Let noisy Fame their brows adorn,
 So I the plumed pen may wield:
 Smooth inditing,
 Flashy writing,
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
 For *Helen's* charms contended long;
 Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
 But for old father *Homer's* long:
 Smooth inditing,
 Flashy writing;
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

AIR.—*Augusta, Miss DALL.*

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
 The tenants of the gaudy cage,
 No more their warbling's breathe delight,
 Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage!
 And should perchance in happy hour,
 Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
 Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
 And gladly part to meet no more.

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate;
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate.—
 And if some ruder breeze should blow,
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest;
 Fondly they share each other's woe,
 As destin'd partners of one nest.

AIR.—*Doctor Camomile, Mr. Fawcett.*

WERE old Galen to rise,
From Elysium below,
Of modern complaints
So little he'd knew,
That amaz'd at the change,
And struck dumb with surprize,
He'd soon hurry back,
Nor believe his own eyes.
For Physic's exploded, so alter'd the trade is,
And wou'd you but know how I please all the Ladies,
I prescribe a Court dress, a Rout, or a Ball,
A Play, or an Opera, or, may be, all—
First couple lead down, 'twill do, I can tell,
Cross o'er back again—now my Lady is well.

Let fools their own nonsense
Still solemnly broach;
While they trudge it on foot,
I loll in my coach;
They may pore o'er old books,
And incessantly toil;
Be their's the dull task,
Mine—*Fashion and Hoyle.*
For Physic's exploded, &c.

DUET.—*Doctor Camomile and Lady Oddly, Mr. Fawcett and Mrs. Webb.*

Dr. CAMOMILE.

THO' gay your trees, perfume your flow'rs,
Enchantment all your groves and bow'rs,
Yet scarce I wish to stir.
For here superior charms I see—

LADY

LADY ODDLY.

You flatter sure, you can't me,
My dear, Sir.

DOCTOR CAMOMILE.

I love Augusta, faith, 'tis true,
But 'tis because she's so like you.
Or I'm the saddest cur.
Such lovely shape! Majestic air!

LADY ODDLY.

You make me blush now, I declare,
O la, Sir.

DOCTOR CAMOMILE.

The bloom of youth still decks your cheek,
Your accent mild whene'er you speak,
No spot your beauties blur;
'Pon honor's true, each word I utter.

LADY ODDLY.

Lord, I'm all in such a flutter,
Bless me, Sir.

AIR.—*Melville, Mr. INCLEDON.*

FELL war, the spear and tented field,
No longer now my bosom burn,
To love triumphant I must yield,
And rage to softer passions turn.

AIR.—*O' Liffey*, Mr. JOHNSTONE.

IN Freedom I'd live, though your Slave I may be,
Sing farinina, sing farinane,
O then to your arms, my sweet creature, take me,
Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth, th'ye see.
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,
Sing farinina, sing farinane,
You made me a widow in spite of old fate,
When dead you shall never again see me, mate,
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,
Sing farinina, sing farinane;
I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view.
For the sight that is black always makes me look blue,
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
Sing farinina, sing farinane;
The rest I'd forsake and to you would be true;
Then your Irishman love, ogh I see that you do,
With my chic a che, &c.

AIR.—*Maria*, Mrs. BLANCHARD.

THE shipwreck'd tar, on billows toss'd,
Dash'd to some plank, and fighting;
The land in view he hop'd to gain,
Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapless doom;
Should Fortune save him from despair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

The danger past, his bosom calm,
 On friendly aid relying;
 He soon forgets the scene that's past,
 Each future ill defying.
 Thus I so late an outcast sad,
 No pleasing view to cheer,
 Protected by your generous love,
 I find a haven here.

Favourite SONGS, &c. in the *Operatic Farce* of
 HARTFORD BRIDGE; or THE SKIRTS OF
 THE CAMP. As performed at the Theatre Royal,
 Covent Garden.

RONDEAU.—Mrs. CLENDILION.

A MIDST the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
 I will not forget my true object of love!
 At parting, the fondest concern did he utter:
 I left him!—but yet this heart never shall rove!
 O no—this heart never shall rove!

He bade me farewell! and my fancy repeated
 His tender expressions for many a day:
 And I think, were I now, unperceiv'd, near him seated,
 From his lips I shou'd still hear the soft homage stray!

AIR.—Mr. MUNDEN.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
 I've rang'd rare objects to discover;
 Seen pretty women in such legions,
 I thought myself return'd to Dove

The

Brisk

Brisk music made me gay,
 And lively all the way;
 For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
 With him—who love's the *hey down derry!*

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded:
 And many a night, with the guitar,
 Beneath the lattice grate paraded;
 Now tinkle, tinkle; then jar, jar.
 'Twas music made me gay—&c. &c.

The fair of Italy to capture,
 A different style the men invent-o:
 To her the Canzonet gives rapture,
 “Nel cor piu non mi sento.”
 Such music has its day—
 But is not in my way—
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 With him who love's the *hey down derry.*

Round, wou'd the girls of Russia chatter—
 And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;
 Their Cymbals sounded *clitter clatter*—
 And they tript in sprightly measure.
 Sweet music made me gay—
 And joyous all the way—
 For no tune's dull that once was merry,
 With him who loves the *hey down derry.*

AIR.—Mr. INGLETON.

OH! with my dearest CLARA blest—
 This moon-light heath I'd fondly rove!
 And, evermore, the path she prest,
 Shou'd be review'd with grateful love!

The

The sweetest virtues store her mind,
 To please, to animate, to warm;
 Truth, Pity, tenderness refin'd,
 Her beauty forms her humblest charm.

Yet angels, visiting this sphere,
 To prove they are of heav'nly race,
 And make the wond'ring world revere,
 Wou'd wear the likeness of her face!

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. INCLETON.

I.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 “ By the Deep—NINE!”

II.

And, bearing up—to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true:
 While oft the lead the seamen flung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 “ By the Mark—SEVEN!”

The

And

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near—
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful *Pilot* sung,
 “ *Quarter-les!*—*FIVE!* ”

AIR.—*Mr. QUICK.*

GIRLS shy appear
 When men first leer;
 And steal aside,
 As if to *hide!*—
 But daring grown,
 As things get known,
 They giggle, simper,
 Niggle and whimper;
 And try to lure, where-ever they go,
 The 'Squire, the Jockey, the Rake, the Beau;
 The young, and the old-ones,
 The timid, and bold-ones;
 Yea, with the grave Parson
 They carry the farce on—
 And all are snar'd in a row.

Of Balls the pride,
 Thus Miss I've ey'd,
 The MINUET pace,
 With *blushing* face.
 But, ere the night
 Had taken flight,
 I've seen her ramping,
 Tearing—tramping:
 Along the room in a COUNTRY-DANCE;
 Now figuring in with bold advance;
 Here *setting* and *leering*,
 There *crossing* and *fleeing*:

And when that's completed,
Before she'll be seated,
A mad SCOTCH-REEL she must prance !

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

By MRS. HARLOWE.

ONE night, while round the fire we sat,
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat,
A stranger, who had lost his road—
Till day should break—implor'd abode ;
PACK-HORSES—'twas his lot to guide along—
Whose Bells the Trav'ler cheer with ding, ding, dong !
Against distress—tho' we were poor—
My father never shut his door.—
I know not how—but from that day—
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay—
I felt within my beating breast a tingling—
Whene'er the lively PACK-HORSE Bells went jingling !
When first he wander'd to our nook,
His course, it seems, he had mistook ;
Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's astray ;
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his passing PACK-HORSE Bells go jingling !

L O U I S A.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at the *Theatre Royal, Bath.*

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM UPTON, ESQ.

I.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And nature's self, was hush'd to sleep ;
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
Louisa fought the boundless deep.

11. Oh

II.

On a lone beach, in wild despair!
She sat recluse from soft repose,
Her bitter wailings rent the air,
So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

III.

Three years she'd nurs'd the tender thought,
Her Love—her Henry would return;
When ah! the fatal news was brought,
The sea was made his wat'ry urn.

IV.

(Sweet maids, who know the pow'r of love,
You best can tell what she must feel,
Who, 'gainst each adverse fortune strove,
The tender passion to conceal.)

V.

Bewilder'd!—lost!—absorb'd in grief!
While madness ran thro' ev'ry vein;
The mourner sought from death relief,
And frantic plung'd into the main!

VI.

The heav'n's, with pity, saw her end,
The fatal deed of hopeless love!
And bade their angel-guard descend,
And bear Louisa's soul above!

VII.

There plac'd in happier scenes on high,
Louisa smiles at ev'ry care;
Hush'd into joy is every sigh,
For, Henry's angel-form is there!

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

[See the Plate.]

JOCKY met with Jenny fair,
 Aft by the dawning of the day;
 But Jocky now is fa' of care,
 Since Jenny flaw his heart away:
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
 And its o'er the hills and far away.
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.
 Young Jocky was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play,
 Was o'er the hills and far away.

And its o'er the hills, &c.

He sung—when first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

K

Ah!

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief;
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And it's o'er the hill's, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove.
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd.
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for ever mair;
 But, to my grief, alake, I say,
 She staw my heart and ran away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love,
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
 O'er hills and dales and far away,
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

THE JOLLY HORN.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. BURTON, at Bermondsey Spa.

AWAY, we've crown'd the day,
 The hounds are waiting for their prey;
 The huntsman's call invites ye all,
 Come in boys while you may.
 The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep mouth'd hounds.
 These my boys are heav'nly joys;
 A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.

*The horn shall be the husband's fee,
 And let him take it not in scorn;
 The brave and sage in ev'ry age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn.*

Away, make no delay,
 The night shall crown the sports of day,
 The circling glass around shall pass,
 Be jovial while you may:
 The chearful song shall mirth prolong,
 And mirth and joy shall know no bounds;
 Nimrod of old, as we are told,
 First urg'd the chace with horn and hounds.

The horn shall be, &c.

THE SEA WORN TAR.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

THE sea-worn Tar, who in the war,
 No danger e'er cou'd move,
 True to his gun all hazards run,
 Yet thought upon his love;

THE

1.2

But

But home again, forgets his pain,
 And seeks his faithful lass;
 Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
 And fills the sparkling glass.

The ship safe moor'd, with gold well stor'd,
 All danger's now are o'er;
 His timbers tight, his rigging light,
 He scuds along the shore,
 To seek the place where every grace
 Adorns his charming lass;
 Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,
 And fills the sparkling glass.

In war renown'd, with honor crown'd,
 He laughs and sings away:
 Of fore and aft, above, abaft,
 He talks from night to day;
 Of red-hot balls, and batter'd walls,
 To entertain his lass;
 Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
 And fills the sparkling glass.

Favourite AIRS in the OPERA of the PIRATES.

AIR.—FABULINA.

A Saucy knave who pass'd the door,
 Wou'd needs, forsooth, make love to me;
 But, as I've often said before,
 You know, Sir, that must never be.

Of flames and darts, despair and death,
 In vain declam'd the silly youth;
 I laugh'd 'till almost out of breath,
 Believe me, Sir, I tell you truth.

I frowning

I frowning vowed, without you leave,
 His face again I ne'er wou'd see;
 Dear Aurora help me out.
 I shall betray myself I doubt,
 So kind a Master to deceive!

Oh! fie! no that cou'd never be,
 I said to him—No, no—'twas he
 Spoke next, he said, says he to me,
 Dearest Fabulina hear me;
 Indeed, indeed, you need not fear me.

Says I—says he—says I—says he—
 At length (enrag'd my maiden pride)
 My heart I cry'd is not for you;
 In vain your betters oft have try'd,
 You know, dear Sir, that's very true.

AIR.—AURORA.

AS wrapt in sleep I lay,
 Fancy assum'd her sway;
 A voice, which spoke despair,
 Cried, "Mourn thy Lover banish'd.
 Cold! cold! beneath the main,
 Lies he in battle slain.
 Mourn, mourn, thou wretched fair,
 All hope from thee is vanish'd."

Upon the rock I stood:
 Forth from the foaming flood,
 Arose the lovely form
 Of him who now is banish'd;
 Loose flowed his auburn hair;
 Gored was his bosom, bare;
 Sinking amid the storm
 He sigh'd "adieu!" and vanish'd.

AIR.—FABULINA.

LOVERS, who listen to reason's persuasion,
 Praise for the novelty surely may claim;
 And barbarous Fate they'll find no occasion,
 To charge with the faults for which Folly's to blame.

FINALE.—FABULINA.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh,
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.
 Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry,
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

THE END.

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